

NOTES ON MEN AND PICTURES IN PARIS.
(FROM THE ~~AMERICAN~~ CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.)
Boston, April 27.

Jules Bastien-Lepage is a rather young artist. He is from Damvillers in the Meuse. His father, who died some years ago, was a landlord there in a small way, and was a Jewish-looking person of a sandy complexion. The mother is the daughter of a tax collector, who is still alive at eighty-one years of age. He and she are snub-nosed and homely and modest intelligence are expressed in their better faces. They adore Bastien-Lepage, and he is their pet and their pride. He is a pretty son and a brother never lived. Family affection is with him a pivotal influence. His dearest ambition is to push his brother, who lives with him and is an architect, so that he shall by and by be in a position to ask in marriage a richly endowed and estimable young lady. Mme. Bastien-Lepage, the mother, is famous in the locality where she resides for her skill in all kinds of fancy work. She has manufactured a quantity of guipure window-covers for the ladies of the neighbourhood, and she has, like Fröy, and made some beautiful satin-embroidered quilts and cushions. Jules the painter has at once a good-natured and a resolute air. His fair hair is combed down over the upper region of an immense and firmly modelled forehead and cut half-way down in a straight line. The eye is light-hazel, small and extremely observant. Bastien-Lepage watches closely the world in which he lives, is in sympathy with rough village life, and "feels" as if Crasbe the poet might have done if transported to a hamlet. He is really a peasant and is incapable of anything that he does not exhibit any at the Salon. Next year he will probably send them a *chef d'œuvre* in *his genre*. It is the likeness of Madame Droubet, sister Hugo's lady companion. She was too ill to come to the studio and so he sat to him at the poet's house. As her malady has become too acute

FATE OF A SOLITARY MOSS-BANKER.

Having some desire to see if any moss-horners had been taken in the last few days, I went to the market place. I stepped into Fulton Market the other afternoon. From the general condition of the market it was evident that the season was well advanced. The water was flat on their backs and all the fish had their mouths wide open and their eyes nearly out of the sockets. "What a fine lot of fish," said Mr. H. B. Felt, a dealer in fish. "We caught old State Island yesterday afternoon."

"You caught as though only one had been caught?"

"Yes," said Mr. Felt. "The other one was working about the State Island cove in company with said and was caught and brought to us by—Great South Bay."

"Where is he now?"

"He is on ice in the laboratory waiting to be dissected."

"And for what purpose will this post mortem be made?"

"Because we wish to determine what food the menhaden eat and at what time they spawn. You remember that a committee from the Senate was appointed to look into the matter of the menhaden. Well, that committee has been sitting on the case for about a year, and has finally come to the conclusion that not enough is known about the menhaden to warrant any legislation. Now, I think something further about the beast. The results of our analyses made here will be of great assistance to the committee."

"What about the State Island yesterday?"

"What about the said fish season?"

"What about the said fish season? Very poor at present. The prices are higher than they ought to be. The Connecticut River said are just now coming into market. The Connecticut River said are just now coming into market. The North River said are very good, however, but the trouble is there are but half enough of them. Just what will be, no doubt, a very poor lot for the better part of the year."

Somewhere in the world must be
She that I have prayed to see,

J. WILKINSON

state to which such training would be sisters found her. They returned young women, and Mary was eight years' younger than her old-fashioned

[illegible][illegible]

And Mary again when she entered the breakfast room, and she neither blushed nor repined him. She was not even respected by the man whose will was manifest. The arm round her waist supported the eyes that looked into hers laid a benediction for life besides love. Pickering had no more to say, and he disappeared. Who was his master and rule this freedom? It was not for him, so cool and collected? He took her hands, and while the veins again showed blue, and, and the heart again beat, he said, "I will love you with my heavy heart on her shoulder and married with tears: Love me, Mary: only say so, I shall die in two days."

And the man's behavior contemptible? He did not draw on fancy. The African fever crushes a soul before it rots his body. I recall no other experience where the sufferer did not burn his own life. He was not a man.

No other disease has this effect. We saw a giant of stature and courage, who cried out, "I will go home to take the guerilla is braver. He died."

And Pickering was not evil-starred. He says that Mary's whisper saved him, untruthful as was his own. He was followed by weeks of innocent misery, re-

as about on account of illness. On Sunday whereabouts are explained, but from 9 o'clock on the Sunday morning to midnight on Monday night is forthcoming other than known enough to clear up the mystery of his absence from home and from the office. Until Saturday Mr. Mathews was without power of speech, but was in attendance at the office to answer questions, with a very rusty pen. Special precautions have been taken to guard the building, where are employed about 1,000 people.

JAMES MATHEWS.—Mathews's attendant in his illness attended to him the most expert nurse medicine, but a few moments after it was discovered the machine was nothing but ink, which had been taken from the pen by mistake. "This is taken from the pen by mistake," Mathews, I have in you ink," said Never—never mind, my boy—my mind," said Mathews faintly. "I'll send you some of blotting paper." This was the last joke news ever made.

that is the difference between a dull razor and a bad boy I None for they both need sharpening.

! already a fern new-born

she comes, in the old sweet ways
 e happy April of other days,
 then April, merry of mien,
 ps afield in the meadow green;
 k or sorrow, or sorry or glad,
 or it, gone it, lass and fair,
 and lass in the youth of the year
 o it, after it—April's here,
 n comes May, pleasure and play,
 llay-dance and rommelay.

A. T. H.

From The St. James's Gazette.

On account of illness, On Sunday nights are explained, but from 9 to 10 Monday morning to midnight on the 10th is forthcoming after that is over clear up the mystery of his absence and from the office. On Saturday Mr. [unclear] power of speech, but was in attendance to answer any questions, [unclear] daily. Special precautions have been [unclear] the building, where are employed 1,000 people.

Mathews's attendant in his [unclear] to give the patient some medicine. Moments after it was discovered there was nothing but ink, which had [unclear] from the pen by mistake, and [unclear] Mathews, I have [unclear] "Never—never mind, my boy—[unclear] said Mathews faintly, "I'll swallow [unclear] paper." This was the last [unclear] or made.

the difference between a dull razor
1. None for they both need sharp